

Dear Friend,

GOLD CASTLE

July 1988

Singer/songwriter/painter/film maker/ **Bob Neuwirth** is a kind of Renaissance Man for our generation. He writes great folk & country style songs with lyrics that speak of lost love, politics and off-beat characters he has known. His voice is honest. His delivery direct. On this advance tape of his first **Gold Castle** release, **Back To The Front**, Bob and his producer, **J. Steven Soles** have assembled an impressive collection of Bob's musical and personal friends to play along with him, including **T-Bone Burnett, Peter Case, Victoria Williams, Bernie Leadon, Kenny Edwards, David Mansfield, Mickey Raphael and Sam Phillips.**

Back to the Front was recorded in pretty much one take in the living room of Steven Soles' home. The setting was relaxed and the instrumentation was all-acoustic.

The brief biography enclosed alludes to the involvement **Bob Neuwirth** has had with so much our generation's cultural history. His film work and organization of **The Monterey Pop Festival** and his contribution to Dylan's landmark tour and film, **"Don't Look Back"** are just two examples of Bob's work. His paintings hang in some of the top New York art galleries.

We are especially interested in what you think about the record and ultimately if you can find some place on your playlists or in your newspapers and magazines to give us the necessary exposure to create something for this most deserving artist.

For more information on Bob and his music, please do not hesitate to call me or my assistant, Leila Sidawi. We will be glad to help you. From all of us at **Gold Castle** Records we thank you for your support and enthusiasm.

Warmly,


Jeff Heiman
Gold Castle Records
National Director Promotion & Publicity



BOB NEUWIRTH

A BIOGRAPHY

Bob Neuwirth does not write his songs. He makes them up, takes their picture with a tape recorder and puts them in albums. His LP, **BACK TO THE FRONT**, is the newest offering from this elusive songwriter and artist often mentioned in music circles but rarely seen or heard from on record. **BACK TO THE FRONT** consists of ten songs, forty three minutes of music, and many layers of imagery, meaning and possibilities.

Bob Neuwirth understands roads. His own has taken him through some momentous times. His collaborators read like a list of chapter headings in a name-dropping contest. Just who is this guy? Originally from the middle of the country, he left home as a teenager to study painting, and soon found an acceptance for his love of bluegrass and country music in the folk circles of the college and coffee house circuit. His restlessness has taken him on even wider-ranging journeys of discovery. He's been an actor and performer here and in Europe. He's been a long-time member of the New York art community; he's a documentary film-maker ("Monterey Pop," "Renaldo & Clara," "Eat The Document," "Don't Look Back" and many other "underground" films); he co-wrote "Mercedes Benz" for Janis Joplin.

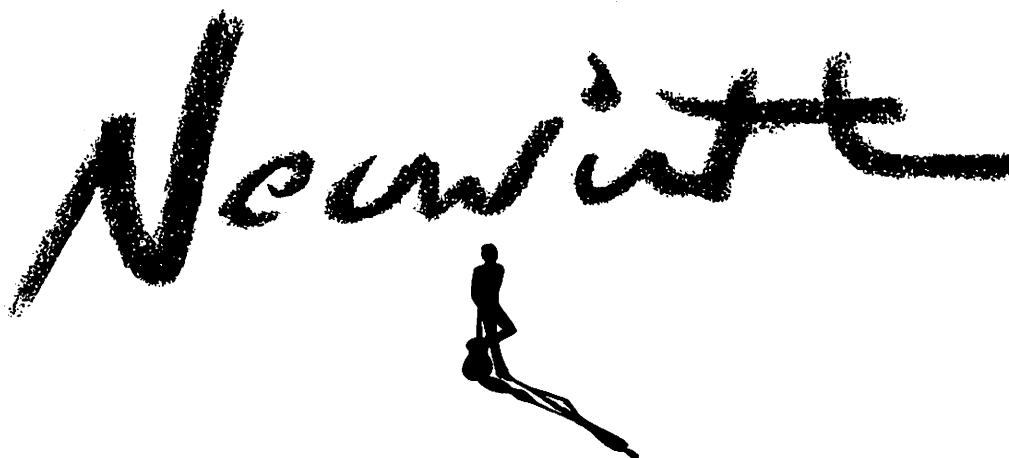
OK, so there's the resume, nice and tidy, but it tells only so much about the man. Neuwirth is to art what a falling apple is to gravity. "I don't do this to express myself," he says. "I do it to keep from going mad."

The bit about making up songs is literally true. His songs are improvised and they emerge, like myths, in the resinging. That's pretty much how **BACK TO THE FRONT** was recorded. It's basically an album of musical pictures written or co-written by Neuwirth, and recorded live during the 1987-1988 holiday season in the living room of producer J. Steven Soles. Friends like Bernie Leadon, Kenny Edwards, T-Bone Burnett, Mickey Raphael, Victoria Williams, Sam Phillips, David Mansfield, Peter Case, and others literally happened by to contribute to the LP. They sang and played the music. The tape was rolling. The album was made.

As is so apparent on **BACK TO THE FRONT**, Bob Neuwirth has that rare ability to dispense with stodgy musical proprieties. "Someone once defined maturity as accepting the fact that nobody's ever going to understand what the hell you're talking about," he says. To get the LP made and released, Gold Castle President Danny Goldberg managed to coax the elusive Neuwirth out of his art studio and into the lights, giving the world a chance to hear the performer T-Bone Burnett calls "maybe the best pure songwriter of us all." **BACK TO THE FRONT** is truly a soundtrack for the renegade in all of us.

For more information:

Gold Castle Records, Inc.
3575 Cahuenga Blvd., W., Suite 470
Los Angeles, CA 90068
213-850-3321



BACK TO THE FRONT

I never thought Neuwirth would make a record.

I thought he was too dangerous. I thought he was too dangerous to himself and to everyone else.

I've sat around the table many a late night passing guitars around, and when a guitar got to Neuwirth, he would start playing the best song any of us had ever heard. Someone would ask who wrote that one, and after a while, it would become clear that he had been making it up as he went along, and that he couldn't remember a note he had sung, not that he had really sung any notes.

I just wanted to say that I think in many ways, he's the best pure songwriter of any of us.

T-Bone Burnett

Eye On The Road

B. Neuwirth: Vocal, Guitar.
T-Bone Burnett: Mandocello, Harmony Vocal.
S. Soles: Guitar, Harmony Vocal.
David Mansfield: Guitar.
Mickey Rapheal: Harmonica.

Annabelle Lee

B. Neuwirth: Vocal, Guitar.
S. Soles: Harmony Vocal, Guitar.
Mickey Rapheal: Echo Harp.
Bernie Leadon: Dobro Guitar.
Ken Edwards: 12-String Guitar.

Private Eye

B. Neuwirth: Vocal, Guitar.
David Mansfield: Guitar, Fiddle.
Bernie Leadon: 5-String Banjo.

Beauty

B. Neuwirth: Vocal, Guitar.
S. Soles: Guitar, Harmony Vocal.
David Mansfield: Violin.

Heartaches

B. Neuwirth: Vocal, Guitar.
Peter Case: Harmony Vocal.
Victoria Williams: Harmony Vocal.
Bernie Leadon: Dobro Guitar.
Mickey Rapheal: Harmonica.
Ken Edwards: Bass Guitar.
S. Soles: Guitar.

Pretend

B. Neuwirth: Vocal, Guitar.
Sam Phillips: Harmony Vocal.
David Mansfield: Guitar, Violin.

Turn It Around

B. Neuwirth: Vocal, Guitar.
S. Soles: Guitar, Harmony Vocal.
Ned Albright: Guitar, Harmony Vocal.
Ken Edwards: Harmony Vocal.
David Mansfield: Bass Guitar.
Stephen Bruton: Lead Guitar.
Mike Bannister: Percussion, Spoons.

Venice Beach

B. Neuwirth: Vocal, Guitar.
S. Soles: Guitar.
Ken Edwards: Guitar.
T-Bone Burnett: Mandocello.

Lucky

B. Neuwirth: Vocal, Guitar.
S. Soles: Guitar, Harmony Vocal.
Ned Albright: Harmony Vocal.
Bernie Leadon: Mandolin.
Ken Edwards: Bass Guitar.
Jorge Bermudez: Percussion.

Akron

B. Neuwirth: Vocal, Guitar, Dobro Guitar.
David Mansfield: Guitar.
Sandy Bull: Oud.

Produced by J. Steven Soles.

Also available on cassette and compact digital disc.



GOLD CASTLE

B. Neuwirth Art Information
1223 Wilshire Blvd.
Suite #250
Santa Monica, California 90403

All Songs Published by Dry Clam Music (BMI), Except: "Private Eye,"
Dry Clam Music (BMI), Dumaine Music (ASCAP); "Turn It Around,"
"Pretend," Dry Clam Music, Specific Gravity Music, New Doorway
Music (BMI) and "Lucky," Dry Clam Music, Specific Gravity Music,
New Doorway Music, Smokin' Joe Music (BMI).
Dry Clam Music (BMI) Administered by Bug Music.

EYE ON THE ROAD (Neuwirth)

Easter brought a stranger too low across the border
A harbinger of trouble yet to come
Sing song of danger in law and disorder
All headed west to beat the storm
Keep your eye on the road, stay awake, hold on tight
We're picking up speed but we're losing the light

When brothers sell sisters for pieces of silver
They miss the message of the heart
Others print the answers on pieces of paper
Swearing all is fair in money, love and art
Keep your eye on that road, stay awake, hold on tight
We're picking up speed but we're losing the light

Who are these people? These walking teardrops?
Beyond hunger beyond cold
And who'll help the rest of us, have's and have-nots,
When we have no place to go?
Keep your eye on the road, take the wheel, hold on tight
We're picking up speed but we're losing the light
My mind is shaking like a New York tambourine
And I get the picture I just can't say what it means
So keep your eye on that road, stay awake, hold on tight
We're picking up speed but we're losing the light, boys
We're picking up speed but we're losing the light

ANNABELLE LEE (Neuwirth)

The sound of a Dixieland band reminds him of a garden where
The old ladies sit in the shade and flutter their fans
All gathered together to gossip with a bunch of old colonels
And charm the swans from the pond with lily-white hands

And is that the singing of Annabelle Lee that I hear?
Is it the ghost of the Lady I'm dying to see?
Is it the ether that makes these echoes that I hear?
A Lady is still a Lady to me

Growing up reckless someplace on the edge of the city
Learning to take danger as a matter of course not concern
What's the difference if there's no light in the alley
When you're so down and alone you've got no place to turn

Is that the singing of Annabelle Lee that I hear?
Is it the ghost of the Lady I'm dying to see?
Is it the ether that makes these footsteps in my ear?
An alley is only an alley to me
And the Lady is still a part of my memory

PRIVATE EYE (Neuwirth, Obyrne)

I was under the impression you were taking too much time
At your kindly suggestion I did not drop by 'til nine
Now in this room with your possessions on a sofa I recline
And it's glamorous to be a private eye

Resisting the temptation to kick down your bedroom door
I sip a cool libation and pace the hardwood floor
Check the knick-knacks on the mantle-Gee you got gee-gaws
here galore
It's glamorous to be a private eye

For a room without a window this is sure an open space
Like the set of circumstances that bring me to this place
After all of this intrigue finally meeting face to face
It's so glamorous to be a private eye

Private eye
Not the CIA nor the FBI

This is strangely reminiscent of my most famous case
With a touch of the quintessence that lingers
With a trace of that night of love in Oakland
That set such a frantic pace it was dangerous to be a private eye

It becomes a fine obsession as I light a Lucky Strike
And fumble through my trenchcoat for those
Gumdrops that I like
I calmly wax the moustache that highlights my disguise
It's so dangerous to be a private eye

Just as I'm losing my composure and nodding in my chair
The sound of silk pajamas announces that you're here
Slipping softly down beside me you whisper in my ear
Is it dangerous to be a private eye?

BEAUTY (Neuwirth)

Beauty caused the best of us to fall
One by one
She had us all
Wound around her finger like a ring around the moon
Promises a night to remember
Saxophones played softly for her dance
Perfume followed her home
All the way from France
Clinging to her like the gowns that she preferred
Promising an evening of fever
As she dances - taking chances
Hit or miss
Kiss or fix

Society could not contain her fame
Pillars crumbled at the mention of her name
Whispered in shadow
Passed as a warning
Promising mornings of scandal
But scandal was the last thing on her mind
Anyone who takes the time
To read between the lines knows
The gossip paints in black and white
Beauty knew love in every color
As she danced

They say she's seen from time to time
Sailors swear they hear her laugh
After too much wine
Free of jealousy she smiles as she passes by
Promising true love forever
She dances

HEARTACHES (Neuwirth)

When I came home this morning something didn't feel right
I went to see an old doctor friend about another restless night
He checked my heart, then he felt my pulse and looked me dead
in the eye
He said, "You might as well sit down and take some advice
Looks like you've got a heartache, looks like you're gonna have
one
And if you're gonna have one, you oughta know -
When it comes to heartaches we don't know how to heal 'em
You just got to feel 'em until you let 'em go"

One in a million - a thousand to one
Once in a while that one comes along
A love that burns hotter than any schoolteacher's sin
Suddenly turns as cold as a politician's grin
Then you come to heartache - then you're gonna have one
And if you're gonna have one, you oughta know
When it comes to heartaches we don't know how to heal 'em
You just got to feel 'em until you let 'em go
When it comes to heartaches - We all know how to have 'em
When it comes to heartaches - we all know how to feel 'em

PRETEND (Neuwirth, Soles, Albright)

Just before we close the door on our future
Why not take a chance on the past
If you pretend you never had to leave -
I'll make believe you're coming back
Let's take some time and act like little children
Let's play pretend
Imagine you were still a little princess
Trapped inside the castle of a king
Like the wind I come rushing to the rescue
Just in time to save you from the scheme
Let's take some time and act like little children again
Darling let's play pretend now
Why can't life be more like (them) old stories
Where everything turns out right in the end
Where heroes are heroes and true-love always wins
Darling let's play pretend

TURN IT AROUND (Neuwirth, Soles, Albright)

What you looking for
Something that you lost
Something you left behind some time ago

The secrets you try to hide
Tear you up inside
'Til every crossroad just seems to lead nowhere

It's so easy to see
What someone else needs
Ain't it strange how the game seems to change
When you're playing at home

It gets harder to face
The facts that you can't erase
People and places you wasted playing hardball

Even at the end of the rope there's hope
Even at the end of the line
You can be a winner

One more time you can turn it around

VENICE BEACH (Neuwirth)

I don't deny that I was there - I saw the deal go down
I do not dare to swear that I regret the outcome now;
We all lost and in a sense we all shared the blame
But who amongst us has not cried who felt the bite of shame
And I still don't understand how we let it slip away

Broken promise on the beach - empty feeling headed home
With that sense of being free that's only all alone
And as the water touched my feet I looked down and in the foam
Lying just beyond my reach lay a perfect heart-shaped stone
And I still don't understand how I let it slip away

At the Hungry Arms Hotel where sorrow owns the halls
Old men whisper in the lobby as the evening shadows fall
Across the faded message written on the wall
Adios in lipstick - there's no future here at all
And I still don't understand how we let it slip away

Earing on the dresser, half of what was once a pair
By itself it sits there, lost love souvenir
Over in the corner, stairs of the lover's wine
Last night my heart was broken, this morning it's my mind

What kind of life is this that we're leading
Just staying even takes all our time
Ain't this the time of our lives?

LUCKY (Neuwirth, Soles, Albright, New)

Now they always called her Lucky in that dusty little Texas town
When most folks dreamed of getting rich
She dreamed of getting out
At seventeen she took a Greyhound bus
Her family took it hard
She wore her Mama's dress and carried Daddy's deck of cards

She got as far as a desert town with a lovely Spanish name
In the back of a local cantina she found a friendly game
Two smoky midnights later she owned a brand new car
With a little luck and her Daddy's deck of cards

Her growing reputation made the desert seem too small
As one by one she burned them down
'Til she couldn't find a game at all
So she headed for Las Vegas where the big-time dealers are
In a brand new dress with her Daddy's deck of cards

She became a legend when she could not help but win
But she felt one card missing as she sat across from him
He swore he was from Reno and on a bet he took her heart
And everything but her Daddy's deck of cards

She followed him down to New Orleans - the week of Mardi Gras
In a friendly game of poker she beat him to the draw
In a case of Cajun justice she dropped him clean and hard
And buried him with her Daddy's deck of cards
They always called her Lucky

AKRON (Neuwirth)

I remember Akron-whiskey cold mornings
Smoke from the factories stung a young man's eyes
'Til I could see no future in the tires they were building
Chasing the music on down the line
For higher education I hitch-hiked to Boston
Hillbilly Ranch and the Lilly Brother's songs
Starving in the Back Bay and pickin' on the banjo
Checking into art school but not for long
I remember Beauty taking pity on me
Showing me the ropes and the tricks of the trade

"Keep one hand on your wallet and one eye on the exit
One foot on the ground and one foot on the stage"
Following instructions all the way to Paris
Streetsinging crazy - Geno and Ramblin' Jack
Hearing about the legend holing up in London
Falling all the way down - crawling all the way back
Down the line
Following the rumours out to California
Where the roses of the morning seem to fade away too soon
Ladies of the evening called the tunes and set the tempo
Making music all night drinking wine all afternoon
Soon enough the road turned a little rough
Every bit of common sense cried out give it up
I started taking chances wound up taking pain
Finally taking what it takes to take the pain away
Coming to one morning in one more bedroom prison

Reaching for the courage that it takes to cut and run
When it takes all you've got not to let it overwhelm you
And you can't see that much difference between
A bottle and a gun
Walk into a smoke-filled room where much to your surprise
You find your own delusions mirrored in the eyes
Of every other fool who's cut a deal for more than life
Only to find that death looks cheap
When it's time to pay the price
God bless Akron-crystal cold mornings

When the dawn of truth can clear a man's eyes
I can read my future in the book they were writing
In the year of it all - nineteen thirty-nine
Down the line

These days when the road turns a little rough
And every lick of common sense cries out give it up
I have to laugh, kick myself and push on one more time
Searching for salvation further down the line